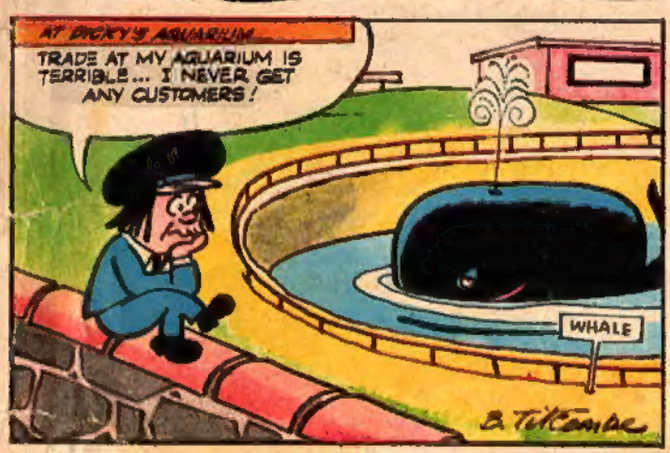
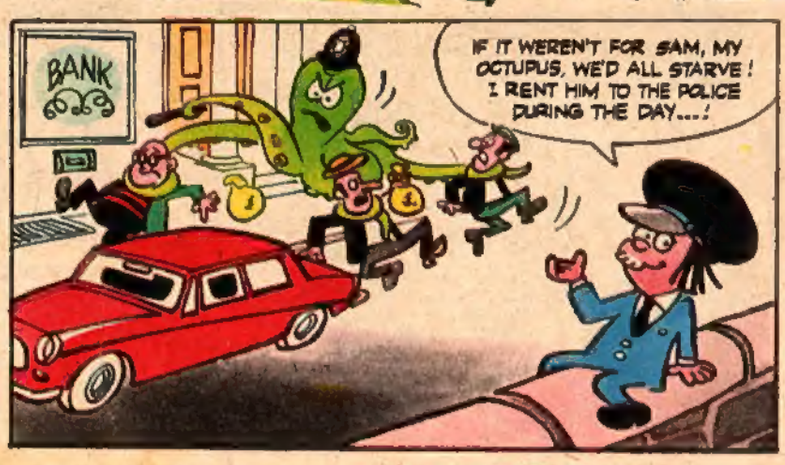
TV COMIC 7d

Every Monday | Week Ending 10th May, 1969 | Number 908

Ken Dodd's DIDDYMEN

THE KNOTTY ASH POLICE FORCE IS SHORT HANDED... IT WAS CLEVER OF SUPERINTENDENT PONSONBY TO HIRE AN OCTUPUS TO HELP US OUT! HA! HA!
SCREECH
PHEW! IT'S NOT FAIR... THESE EIGHT LEGGED CATS ARE TWICE AS FAST AS THE NORMAL MOGGY!
OCTOPUSS
THIS IS A STICK UP... AWK!
BOP!
TE! HE!





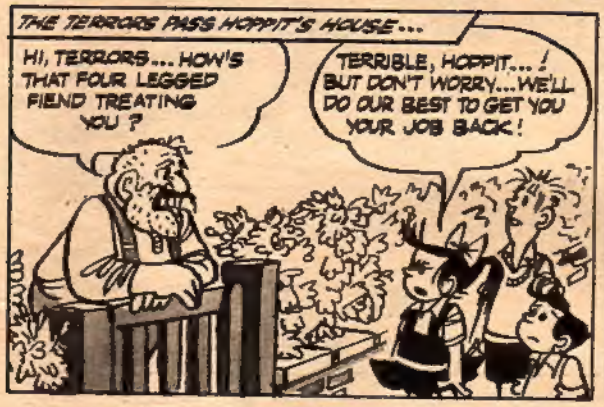
More octofillarity on page 2.

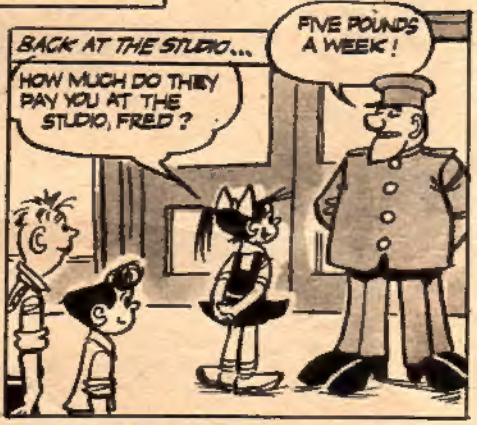
THAT EVENING...
DURING THE EVENING HE TAKES EIGHT DIDDY DOGS FOR A WALK... I CHARGE THEIR OWNERS FIVE BOB A TIME!
DICKY'S AQUARIUM
LATE THAT NIGHT...
(PUFF! WHEEZE!) WHAT A DAY! (PHEW!)
POOR OLD SAM, HE WORKS SO HARD! ALL OF US HERE AT THE AQUARIUM ARE VERY GRATEFUL!
SAM LOVES THE WATER... IF ONLY I COULD FIND HIM WORK TO DO THAT WOULDN'T MEAN LEAVING THE AQUARIUM!
SAM THE OCTOPUS
WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE AN IDEA!
SO, THE NEXT DAY...
BE READY WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, SAM...
LET 'EM HAVE SOME OF YOUR INK... THAT'S IT!
AH!
ERK!
URG!
AWK!
SAM SPRAYS EVERYONE IN SIGHT...
HE! HE! HE! MY PLAN'S WORKING A TREAT!
AR!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, SAM! HO! HO!
PROBABLY SOME NASTY SCHOOL KID WITH AN INK-LOADED WATER PISTOL!
SO, LATER...
I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT JOB FOR SAM AND WE'RE MAKING A FORTUNE...
Dicky's LAUNDRY
... HE'S TAKING IN WASHING! HE! HE! HE!

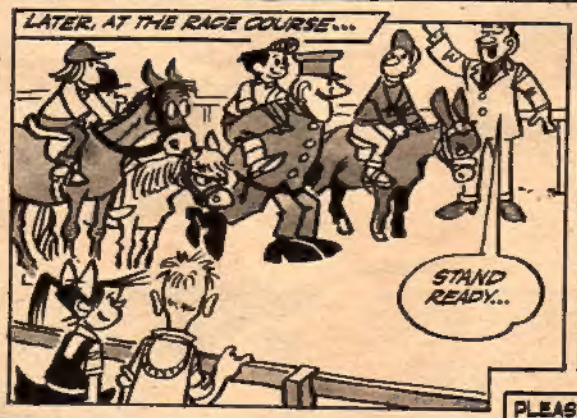
For exciting news of a new feature, see page 10

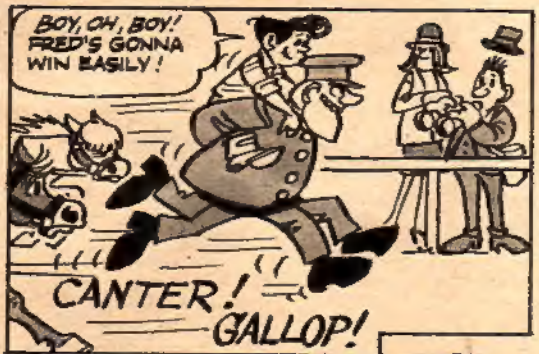
TV Terrors

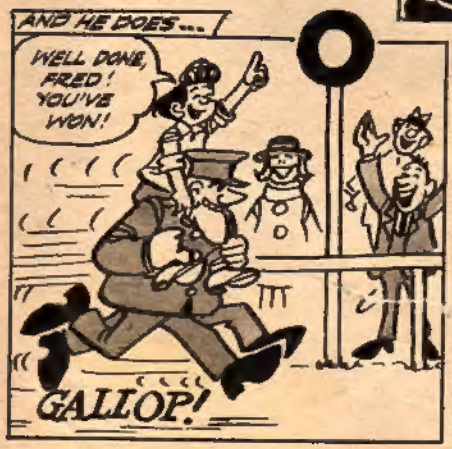
IN THE PRODUCER'S OFFICE...
I'M AFRAID I'VE SOME SAD NEWS FOR YOU, HOPPIT... YOU'RE BEING REPLACED BY A BETTER DOORMAN!
W-H-A-T? HOW COULD ANYONE BE BETTER THAN ME?

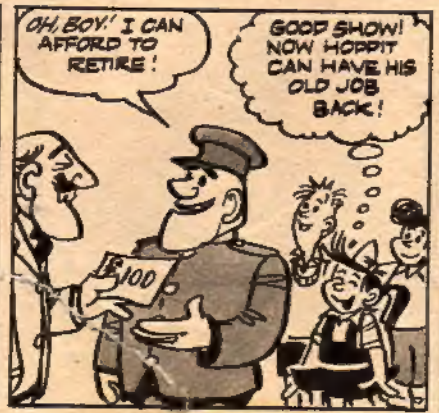

THE TERRORS PASS HOPPIT'S HOUSE...
HI, TERRORS... HOW'S THAT FOUR LEGGED FIEND TREATING YOU?
TERRIBLE, HOPPIT...! BUT DON'T WORRY...WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO GET YOU YOUR JOB BACK!











PLEASE TAKE YOUR JOB BACK, HOPPIT... I NEED A NEW DOORMAN TODAY! FRED HAS RETIRED!
I'LL THINK ABOUT IT! NOW STOP SLOBBERING ON MY BOOTS!
HAW! HAW! HAW!
HE! HE!

Modern mirth in Hoppitt's automatic studio next week!

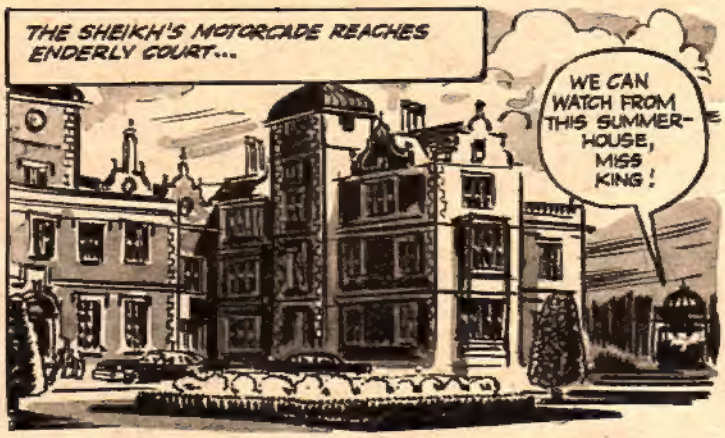
THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara King have been assigned to watch the Arabian ruler of Sulazan—who is in London to sign an oil agreement with the British Government—as Mother suspects he may attempt an illegal purchase of guns for his army.

In a Ministry office, the ruler puts his signature to the contract—*Sheikh Sayid Mahmoud, Tiger of the Desert, Master of the Scrolls.*

WHILE OUTSIDE, IN WHITEHALL...
THANK GOODNESS! THE CRAFTY OLD DESERT FOX FLIES HOME TOMORROW!
YES... JUST ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AND WE CAN BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF!

BUT REMEMBER MOTHER'S INSTRUCTIONS—WHATEVER HAPPENS THE SHEIKH MUST NOT BE UPSET!
I KNOW! IT'S IMPORTANT THAT BRITAIN RETAINS HIS GOOD WILL!



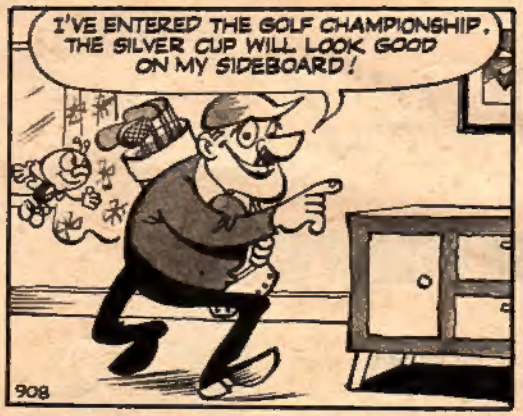
AN HOUR LATER AT SUNSET...
STEED! WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT APPROACHING THE HOUSE?
SOMEBODY IN A VERY STRANGE GET-UP!
GOOD GRIEF! IT'S JASPER GROAT—THE MAN THEY CALL THE MERCHANT OF DEATH!

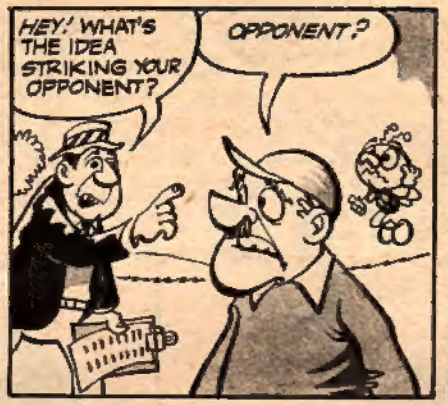
THE MERCHANT OF DEATH?
A DEALER IN WAR WEAPONS, MISS KING, AND WE MUST FIND OUT WHAT BRINGS HIM HERE—WE'LL HAVE TO RISK IT AND GET INSIDE THAT HOUSE!

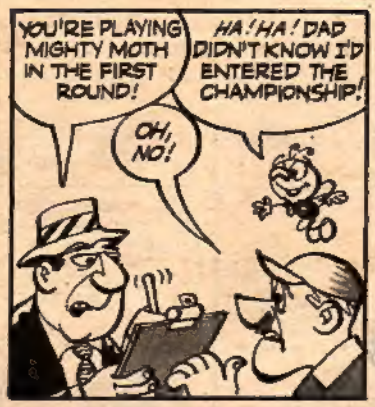
Based on the Thames Television production

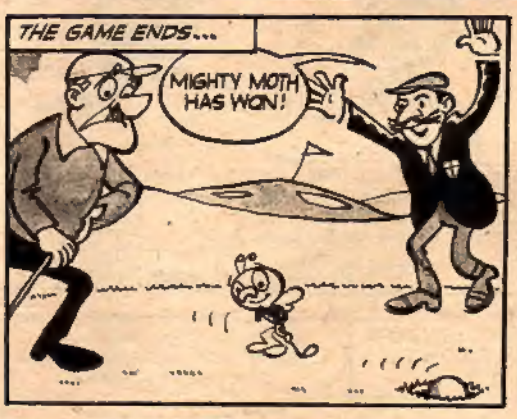
Next week The Avengers enter the house of mystery.

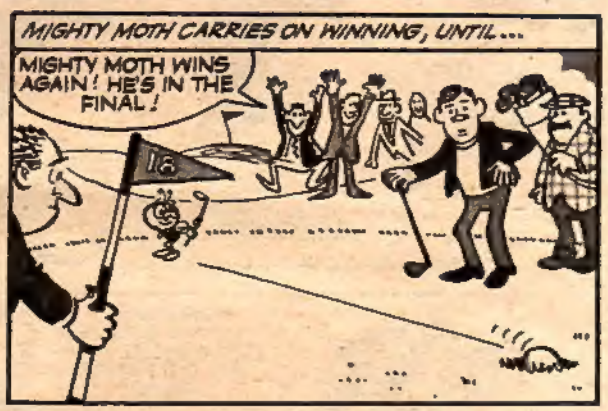
Mighty Moth

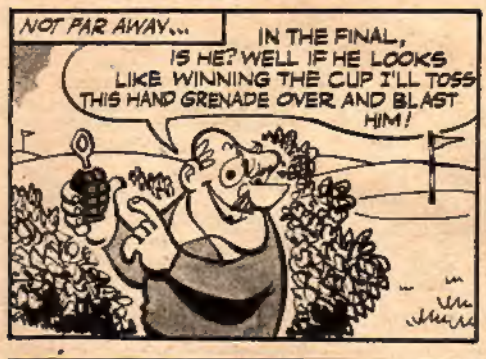


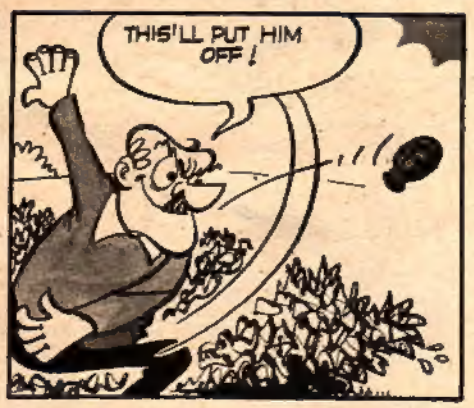


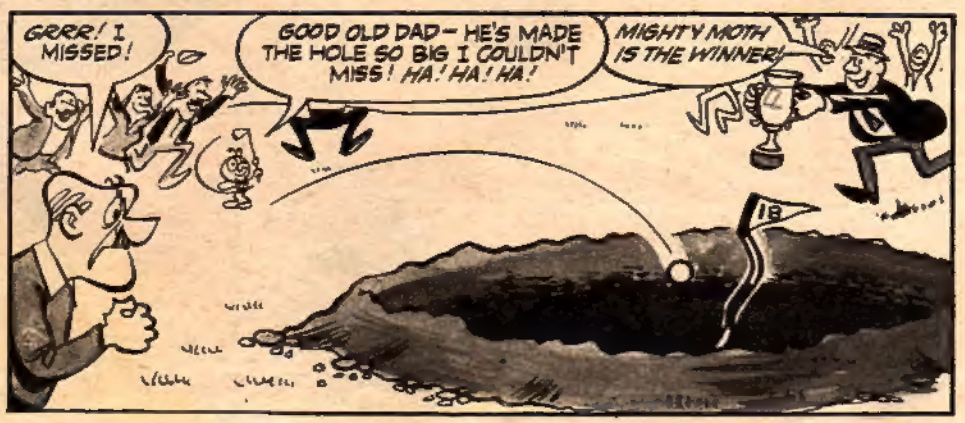








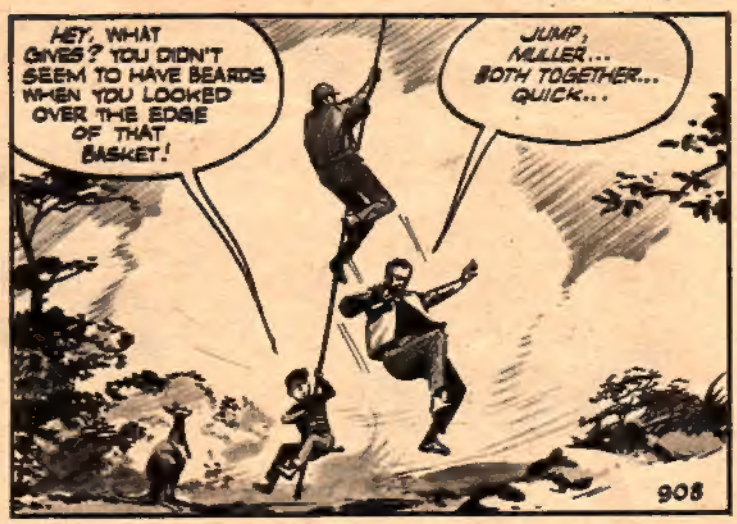




Join Dad and that moth again next week.

SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

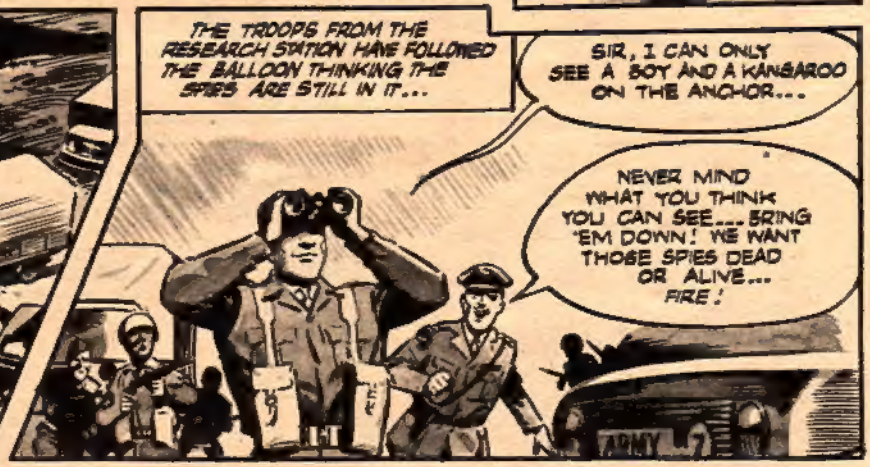
TWO spies, who have been taking photographs of a military research station from a balloon, have called to Sonny to help them descend because their valve has jammed. Sonny is sitting on the anchor so that his extra weight will hold the balloon while the men climb down the rope. But, to Sonny's astonishment, the men have now put on false beards. . .


HEY, WHAT GIVES? YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE BEARDS WHEN YOU LOOKED OVER THE EDGE OF THAT BASKET!
JUMP, MULLER... BOTH TOGETHER... QUICK...
908

RELEASED OF THE MENS' WEIGHT, THE BALLOON SOARS ALOFT AGAIN WITH SONNY STILL ON THE ANCHOR...
YOU DIRTY RATS, YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE... AFTER I'D HELPED YOU, TOO... WHAT'S GOING ON...?
EEEEEK!

BUT SKIPPY WILL NOT ABANDON HER FRIEND, ALTHOUGH SHE CANNOT JUMP AS HIGH AS THE BALLOON...
WHY DID THOSE FELLERS LEAVE ME IN THIS FIX? THEY MUST BE A COUPLA CROOKS!

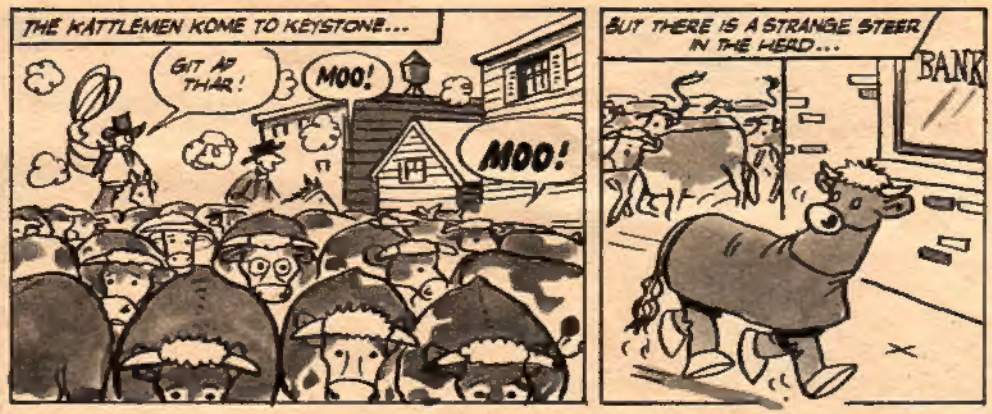
JUST THEN THE BALLOON FLOATS OVER A HILLOCK, AND SKIPPY MAKES ONE OF HER MIGHTY LEAPS FROM THE HILL-TOP...
YOU SILLY OLD GIRL... YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT... NOW WE'RE BOTH IN A FIX!


THE TROOPS FROM THE RESEARCH STATION HAVE FOLLOWED THE BALLOON THINKING THE SPIES ARE STILL IN IT...
SIR, I CAN ONLY SEE A BOY AND A KANGAROO ON THE ANCHOR...
NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THINK YOU CAN SEE.... BRING 'EM DOWN! WE WANT THOSE SPIES DEAD OR ALIVE... FIRE!
ARMY

Norfolk International Films Ltd.

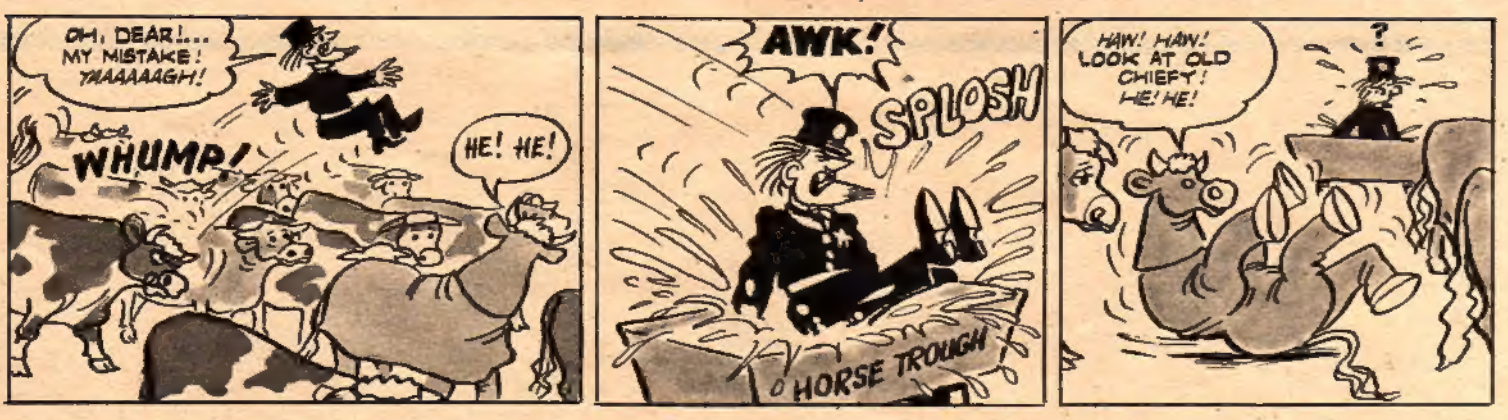
Can Skippy and Sonny survive ? Don't miss next week's episode !

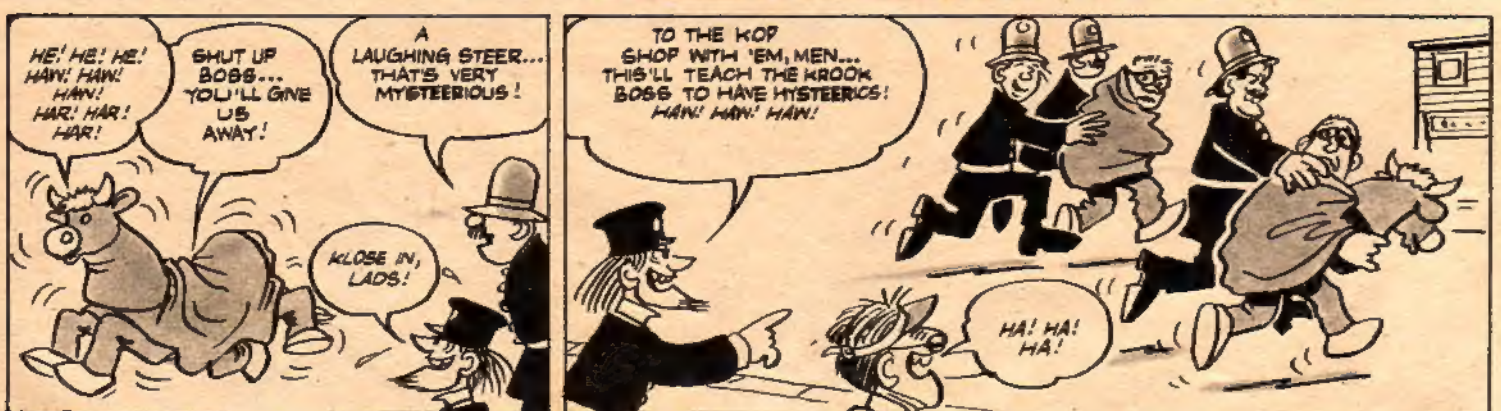
Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops



THIS IS A RAID... OPEN THE SAFE!
YIKE! DON'T SHOOT!
LOAD THE COSTUME UP WITH KASH, BUGSY!
OKAY, BOSS!
MINUTES LATER...
BANK
NOW TO GET LOST AMONG THE HERD AGAIN! HE'HE!

CHIEFY! TWO KROOKS HAVE JUST RAIDED THE BANK... THEY'RE DISGUISED AS A STEER!
A STEER, EH? THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EAST!
THIS STEER LOOK SUSPICIOUS!




HE! HE! HE! HAW! HAW! HAW! HAR! HAR! HAR!
SHUT UP BOSS... YOU'LL GIVE US AWAY!
A LAUGHING STEER... THAT'S VERY MYSTEERIOUS!
KLOSE IN, LADS!
TO THE KOP SHOP WITH 'EM, MEN... THIS'LL TEACH THE KROOK BOSS TO HAVE HYSTEERICS! HAW! HAW! HAW!
HA! HA! HA!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

More mad antics in Keystone next week.

BASIL BRUSH

'NIGHT, GUV.... (YAWN) COR! I'M SLEEPY... BET I SLEEP LIKE A LOG... AH ME...

GOOD NIGHT, CHUMMERS... PLEASANT DREAMS... WISH I FELT A BIT MORE TIRED... AH WELL.... ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT!

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...

SOMETHING WOKE ME UP... NOW...? WHAT'S THAT? A NOISE ON THE LANDING...

SOUND ASLEEP I WAS TOO... BETTER FIND OUT WHAT MADE THAT NOISE THOUGH... PERHAPS THE GUN...?

WHERE IS HE?... HEY! THERE HE GOES.... AND ....OOOOER.... HE'S SLEEP-WALKING!

OOOOER! MIND THAT H'ARMOUR, GUV!

MUSN'T WAKE 'IM WHAT EVER 'APPENS... SHOCK MIGHT BE DANGEROUS!

OOOOFFFFF! JUST CAUGHT H'IT IN TIME!

OH, NO! THE STAIRCASE!

OOOFFF! GOT YER, GUV... PHEW!

PHEW! THAT WAS A NEAR THING... ER... NOW WHERE'S 'E GOT TO?

OOO 'ELP! NOT THE WINDOW...

OOO! 'W'AND I'VE GOT A 'ORRIBLE 'EAD FOR HEIGHTS!

I 'ATE TO 'URRY YOU, GUV... BUT IT'S A BIT PARKY OUT HERE!

AND SO, IN THE MORNING...

BEST NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR AGES! MARVELLOUS! YOU COULD DO WITH SOME, CHUMMERS... YOU LOOK DREADFUL!

SAFE... AND SOUND ASLEEP... STILL, I'D BETTER STAY AWAKE, IN CASE HE STARTS SLEEP-WALKING H'AGAIN...

WHAT'S THE USE... H'IF I TOLD 'IM, 'E'D NEVER BELIEVE ME!

Brush up on the laughs with Basil next week.

ARTHUR and his Square Knights of the Round Table

BAH! BROADBASE HAS HELD UP MY GROCERY DELIVERY.

THIS IS SERIOUS... I DON'T WANT TO GO WITHOUT MY DINNER! I'M STARVING!

WAIT A MINUTE... I'VE AN IDEA!

SO...

CLONK

DONK

BONK

AH!

HEY! ARTHUR'S BOMBARDING US!

ERK!

UR!

ROLL UP THE CATAPULT... WE'LL SOON GET OUR OWN BACK!

TWANG

OPEN FIRE!

I DON'T SEE HOW THIS HELPS ME TO GET MY GROCERIES!

YOU WILL, DEAR! YOU WILL! HE! HE! HE!

THUD

BONK

DONK

YAAAH! SILLY OLD BROADBASE... COULDN'T HIT A BARN DOOR AT FIVE PACES! BOO!

GRRR! I'LL SHOW HIM... KEEP FIRING, MEN!

'FRAID WE CAN'T KEEP FIRING, BARON... WE'RE OUT OF ROCKS!

WHAT?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT!

TWANG!

GROCERIES

HERE COMES YOUR GROCERY DELIVERY, DEAR... POTATOES, ONIONS, CARROTS, TOMATOES AND SCRAMBLED EGGS! HAR! HAR!

SPLAT

HE! HE!

YEK!

More laughter with Arthur in next week's TV COMIC!

Air Programs International

Starts next week in

TV COMIC...

the sensational

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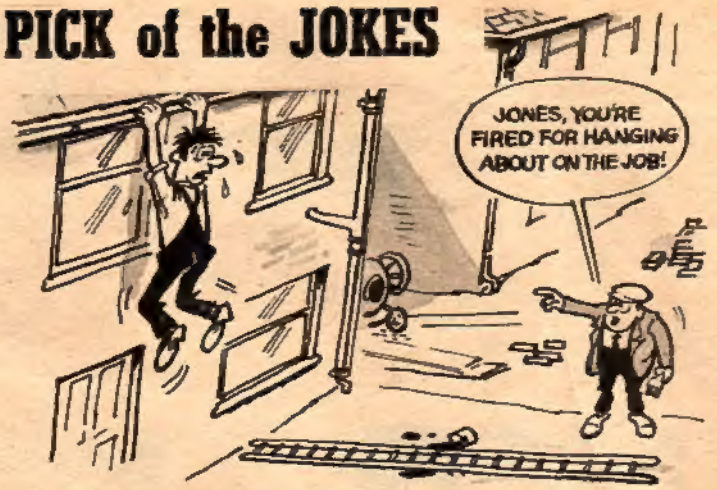
PICK of the JOKES



Graham Taylor, Glossop, Derbys.

Pauline McPhee, Glasgow S.E.

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A.A. HALES LTD.

P.O.Box 33 Hinckley Leicestershire

BUGS BUNNY
PRESENTS...
COP THAT LOT
NOBODY ABOUT? GOOD!
?
HEY- WHAT'S THAT BAD OLE' PUTEY TAT DOING TO MY WINDOW?
OH-OH! HE'S STUCK ON A LISTENING BUG. BUT I KNOW HOW TO FIX HIM!
LATER...
HEY- WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THOSE BUSHES, SYLVESTER?
SH-H-H- HOLD IT, GUVNOR!
QUICK! QUICK! POLICE! THIS IS TWEETY!
GO AHEAD TWEETY... HOW CAN WE HELP YOU?
WELL THERE WAS A BAD OLE' BURGLAR A KNEEPING UP ON MY WINDOW JUST NOW!
AH, BEGORRA, REST YER MIND, SOR- WE'LL BE AFTER SENDING A MAN ROUND RIGHT AWAY - AHRR!
HOR! HOR! HOR! THAT KOOKY BIRD KILLS ME! HE'D BELIEVE ANYTHING... ANYTHING! HO! HO! HO!
NOW WHAT?
NOW, GUVNOR, I AM ABOUT TO BECOME A POLICEMAN!
OH, BOY! I CAN JUST SEE HIS FACE WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHO OFFICER SYLVESTER IS!
MEANWHILE... HALLO, POLICE? THERE'S SOMEONE OUTSIDE MY HOUSE DISGUISED AS A POLICEMAN - HE LOOKS DANGEROUS!
SO... AHHR! TOPO' THE MORNING TO YER, SOR. IF YE'LL JUST OPEN YER DOOR OI'LL BE IN AT ONCE AND PROTECT YEZ!
THAT'S HIM, MEN- GRAB HIM, HE'S DANGEROUS!
IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM! GET HIM! GET HIM!
HUH?
RM
HEY- YOU KOOK! WHAT'S ALL THIS POINTING AND "IT'S HIM! IT'S HIM!" STUFF?
OKAY, WE HAVE YOU COVERED - NO ROUGH STUFF NOW OR WE'LL BLAST YOU!
THAT'S IT, BOYS. TAKE HIM AWAY!
LATER...
HEY! HEY! AW-W-W SHUT UP!
SAY, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYONE BECOMING A POLICEMAN BY WORKING HIS WAY UP FROM A JAIL CELL! HEY! HEY! HEY!

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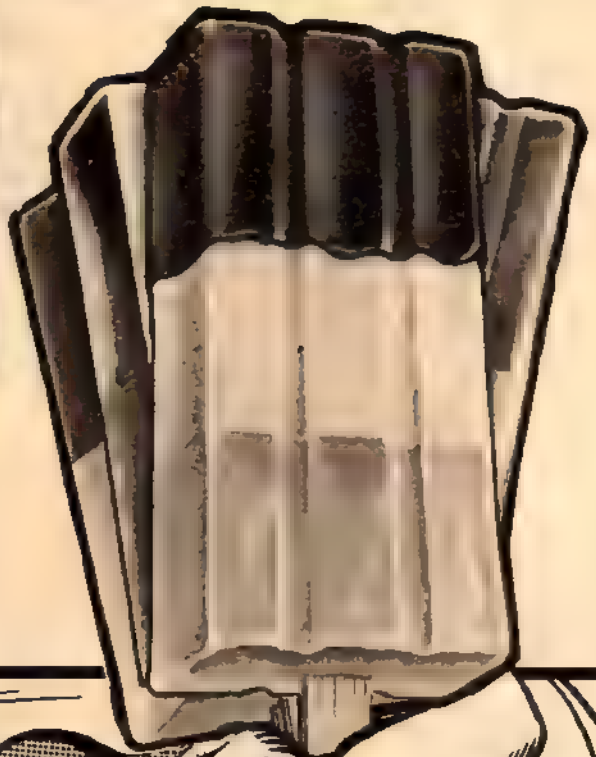
Sylvester's on the prowl again next week.

WALL'S WONDERMAN

CONQUERS ALL WITH THIRST-CRUSHING WOPPAS



EVERYWHERE...MOUTHS ARE DRY...TONGUES LICK LIPS... BUT WAIT – FROM THIRST–GRIPPED THROATS COMES THE CRY 'IT'S WONDERMAN!' AND ARMED WITH THE GIGANTIC TASTES OF WALL'S CHOC-TOP WOPPA AND TWIN-TASTE WOPPA OUR COOL COLOSSUS LIQUIDATES EVEN THE MOST MONSTROUS THIRST!

BANANA

RASPBERRY

Wall's

I, THE CONQUEROR OF THIRST, COMMAND: WHERE YOU SEE MY SHIELD – THERE BUY MY MIGHTY WOPPAS!

CHOCOLATE

LEMON

ORANGE

ZZAPPTTT!

TWIN-TASTE 4° CHOC-TOP 6°

THERE'S TREASURE TO BE WON (CASH PRIZES!) WITH TWIN-TASTE WOPPA WRAPPERS – AND A SUPER WONDER-KITE OFFER WITH CHOC-TOP WOPPA WRAPPERS...!

LINTAS IMP 7-6864 G

Larry Harmon's
LAUREL & HARDY

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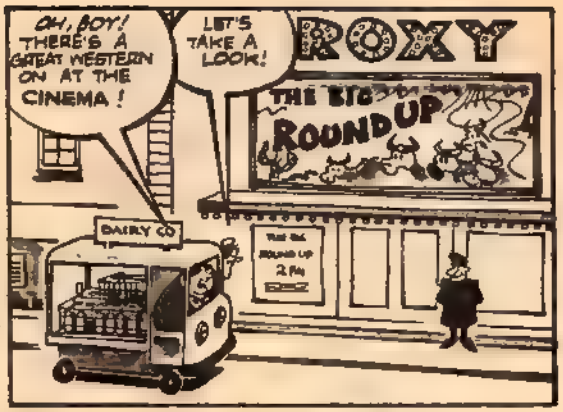
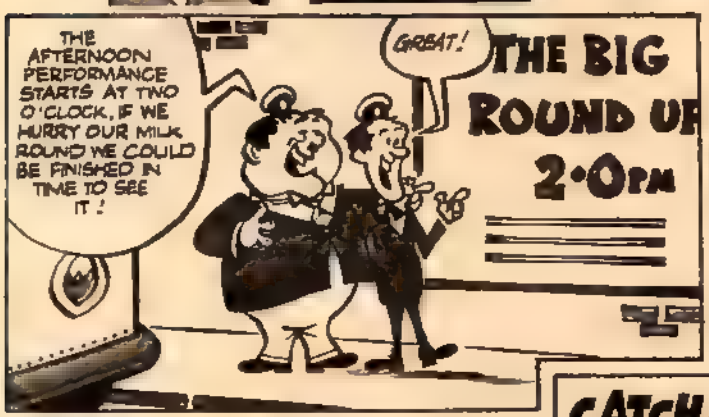
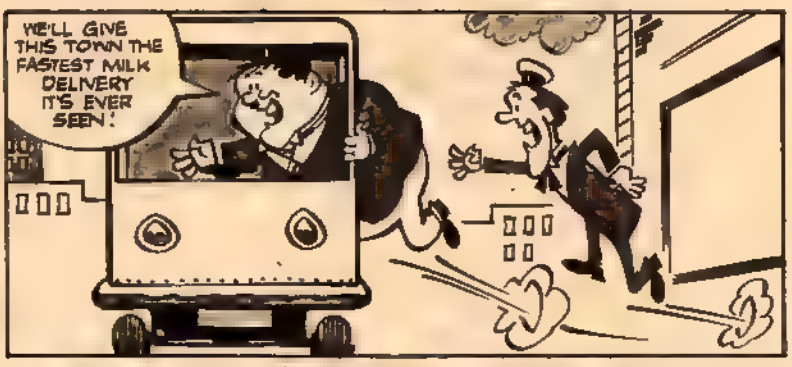
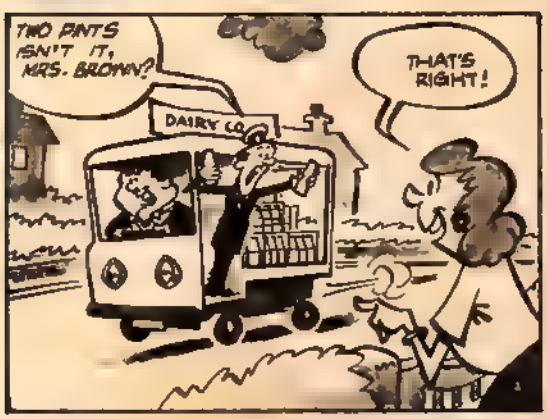
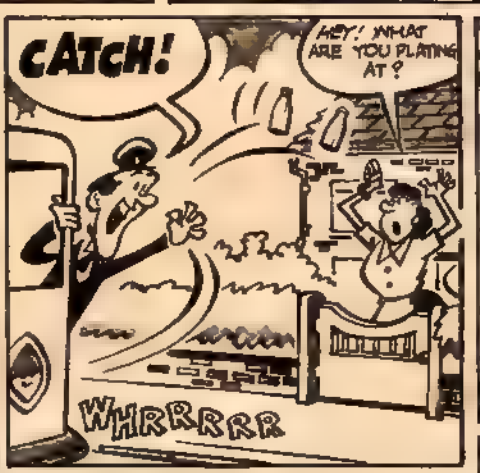
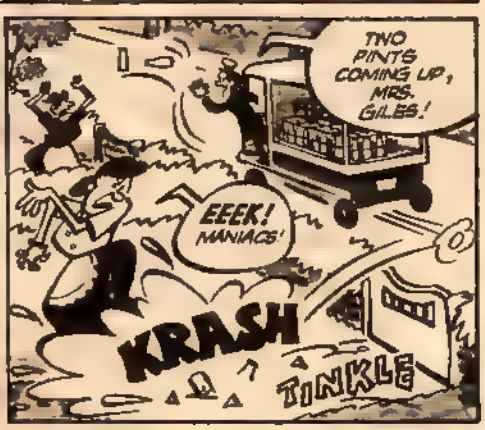


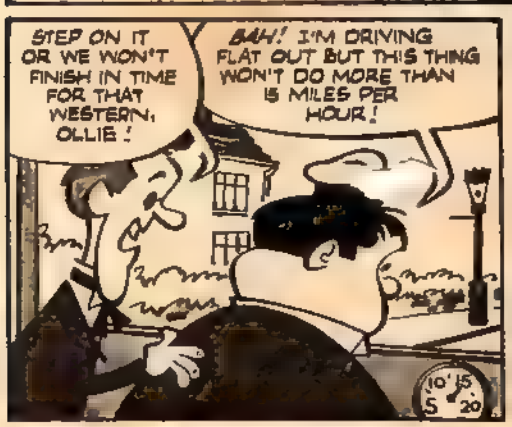

THE AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE STARTS AT TWO O'CLOCK, IF WE HURRY OUR MILK ROUND WE COULD BE FINISHED IN TIME TO SEE IT!
GREAT!
THE BIG ROUND UP
2·0PM

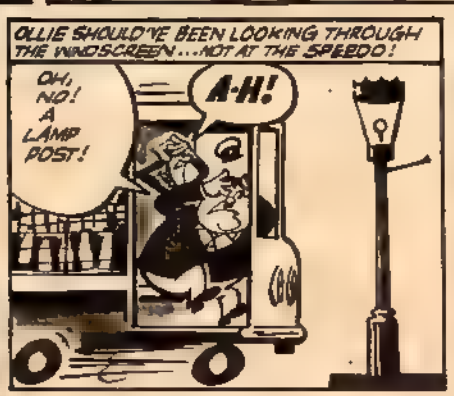


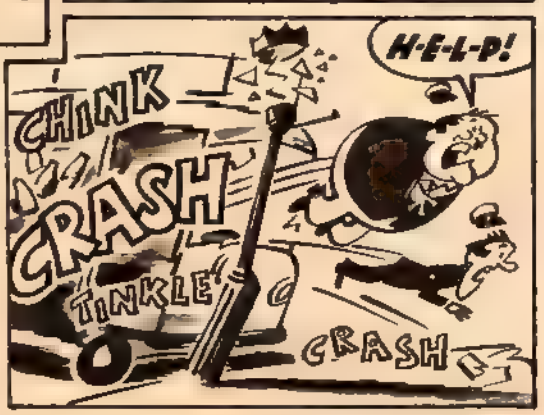


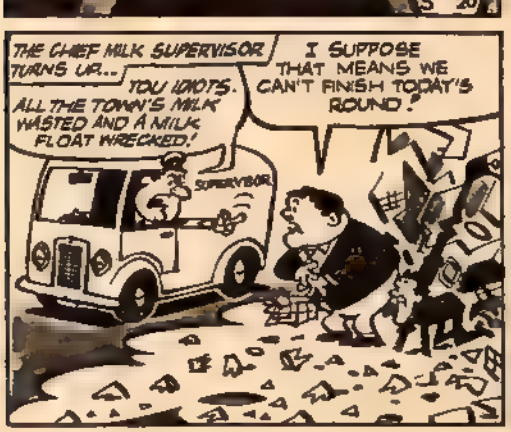


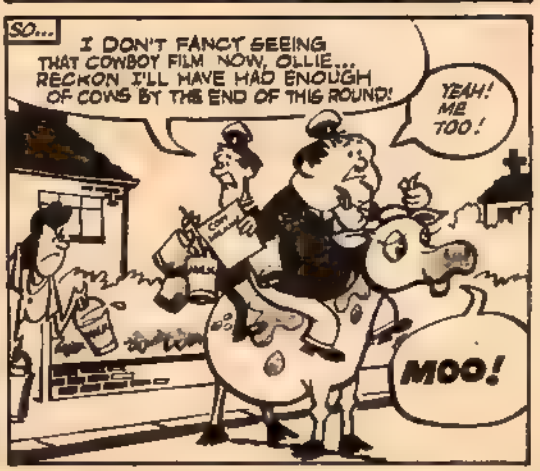



STEP ON IT OR WE WON'T FINISH IN TIME FOR THAT WESTERN, OLLIE!
AAH! I'M DRIVING FLAT OUT BUT THIS THING WON'T DO MORE THAN 15 MILES PER HOUR!






THE CHIEF MILK SUPERVISOR TURNS UP...
YOU IDIOTS. ALL THE TOWN'S MILK WASTED AND A MILK FLOAT WRECKED!
I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS WE CAN'T FINISH TODAY'S ROUND!
SUPERVISOR



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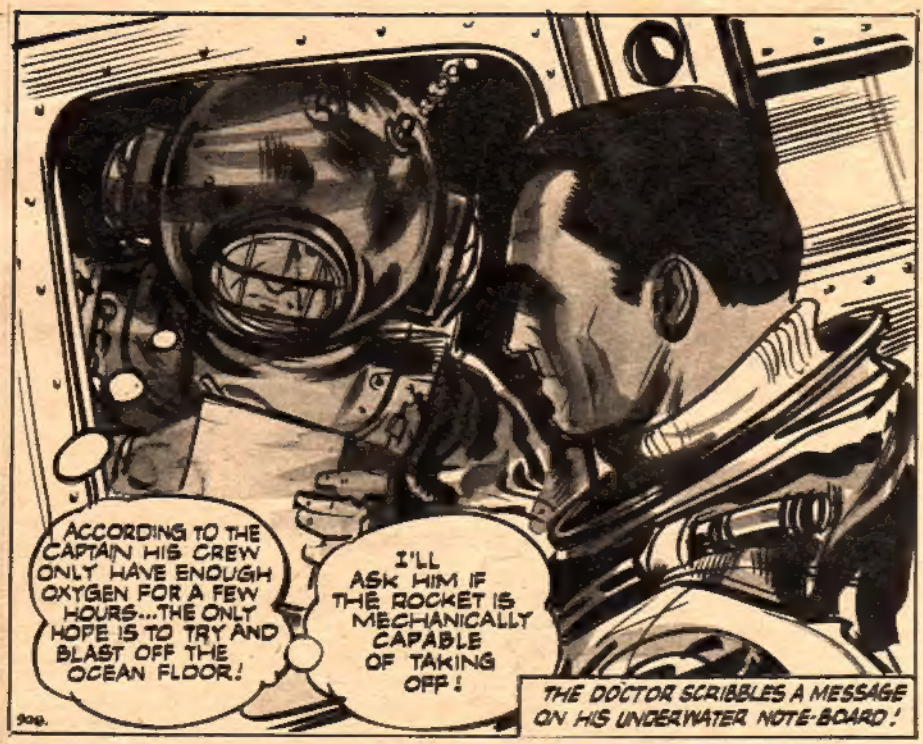
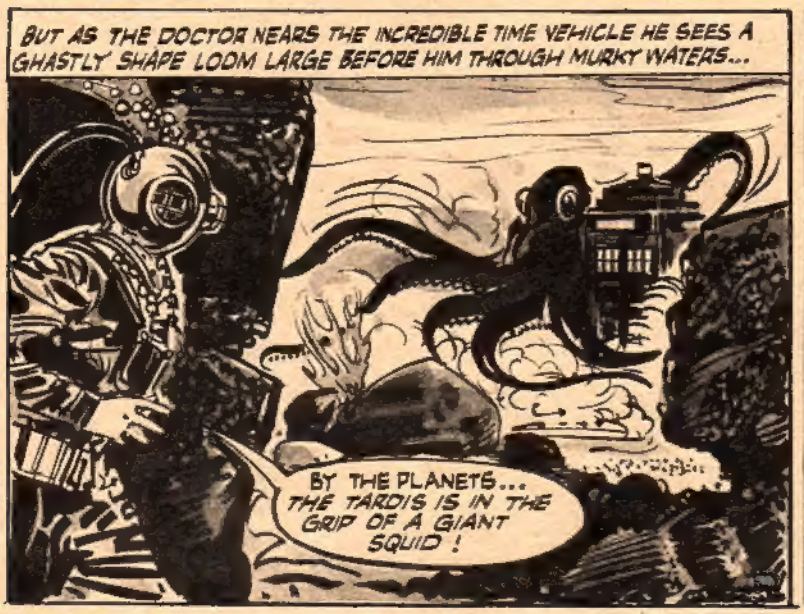
Doctor WHO

THE surface of the planet Nook is one gigantic ocean. Deep underwater Doctor Who has discovered a crashed rocket with its crew alive and trapped inside. Their air supply is running out. . . .


ACCORDING TO THE CAPTAIN HIS CREW ONLY HAVE ENOUGH OXYGEN FOR A FEW HOURS...THE ONLY HOPE IS TO TRY AND BLAST OFF THE OCEAN FLOOR!
I'LL ASK HIM IF THE ROCKET IS MECHANICALLY CAPABLE OF TAKING OFF!
THE DOCTOR SCRIBBLES A MESSAGE ON HIS UNDERWATER NOTE-BOARD!

IF I COULD LEVER THE ROCKET INTO THE UPRIGHT POSITION... COULD YOU TAKE OFF?
THE DIVER IS ASKING US IF WE CAN TAKE OFF... I'LL HAVE TO TELL HIM WE HAVE AN ELECTRICAL FAULT!

SO...
AFRAID NOT. OUR FUSE SYSTEM IS FAULTY AND THERE ARE NO REPLACEMENT PARTS ABOARD!
FUSE SYSTEM, EH?... I'VE PLENTY OF SPARES INSIDE THE TARDIS... I'LL POP BACK AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

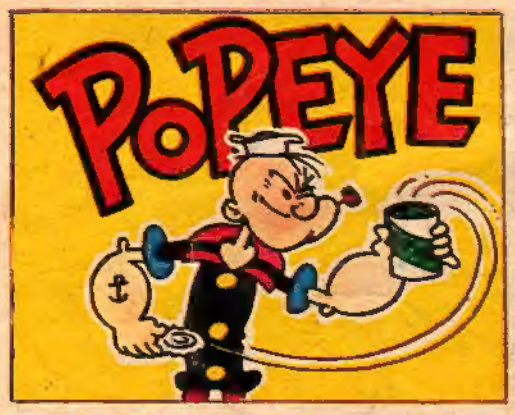

BUT AS THE DOCTOR NEARS THE INCREDIBLE TIME VEHICLE HE SEES A GHASTLY SHAPE LOOM LARGE BEFORE HIM THROUGH MURKY WATERS...
BY THE PLANETS... THE TARDIS IS IN THE GRIP OF A GIANT SQUID!

© BBC tv 1969

FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT THE DOCTOR TAKES AIM...
THE ONLY WEAK SPOT IS BETWEEN THE EYES... IT'S A DIFFICULT SHOT UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS!
FLASH
MISSED... I'VE HIT A TENTACLE... NOW I'VE GIVEN AWAY MY POSITION!
THE WOUNDED CREATURE'S VENGEANCE IS SWIFT...
IT'S SQUEEZING THE LIFE OUT OF ME!
GREAT POWERS! IT'S DRAWING ME TOWARDS ITS OPEN MOUTH!
MY LAST CHANCE... AT LEAST I CAN TRY FOR ANOTHER SHOT BETWEEN THE EYES!

See the Doctor's desperate fight for safety, next week.

POPEYE



AN ASTRONAUT WALKS IN SPACE...

OH, NO! ALL MY FOOD SUPPLY IS FLOATING OUT WITH ME!

BACK ON EARTH...

HEY! UNCA POPEYE! I HAS SPOTTED SOMETHIN' STRANGE IN OUTA SPACE! COME AND LOOK!

I AIN'T INTERESTED IN LOOKING AT PLANETS... ASTRONOMY IS BORING!

BUT IT'S IMPORTANT... YOU MUST LOOK!

OH, OKAY THEN!

WHAT POPEYE SEES...

SEND FOOD OR I'LL STARVE

GORSH! SAUSAGES AND BANANAS ORBITING EARTH... IT'S INCREDIBLE!

ONE OF OUR ASTRONAUTS HAS LOST ALL HIS GRUB... I MUST DO SOMETHING!

POPEYE STARTS TO BUILD A ROCKET...

BANG

CLATTER

THUD

... AND IT IS SOON READY FOR LAUNCHING...

OKAY, SWEE'PEA! LIGHT THE FUSE AND STAND BY FOR BLAST OFF!

POPEYE IS SOON ZOOMING TOWARDS HIS GOAL...

SO...

BOY, THANK'S POPEYE!

HERE YOU ARE, CHUM! THESE CANS OF SPINACH'LL KEEP YOU GOING FER WEEKS! ARF! ARF! ARF!

FOOD OR STARVE

LATER, BACK ON EARTH...

HEY! IT'S MY TELESCOPE, LET ME LOOK THROUGH IT... I THOUGHT YOU SAID ASTRONOMY WAS BORING!

WHAT POPEYE SEES...

THERE'S NOTHING BORING ABOUT WATCHING FIFTY SPINACH CANS IN ORBIT! ARF! ARF! ARF!

HE! HE! HE!

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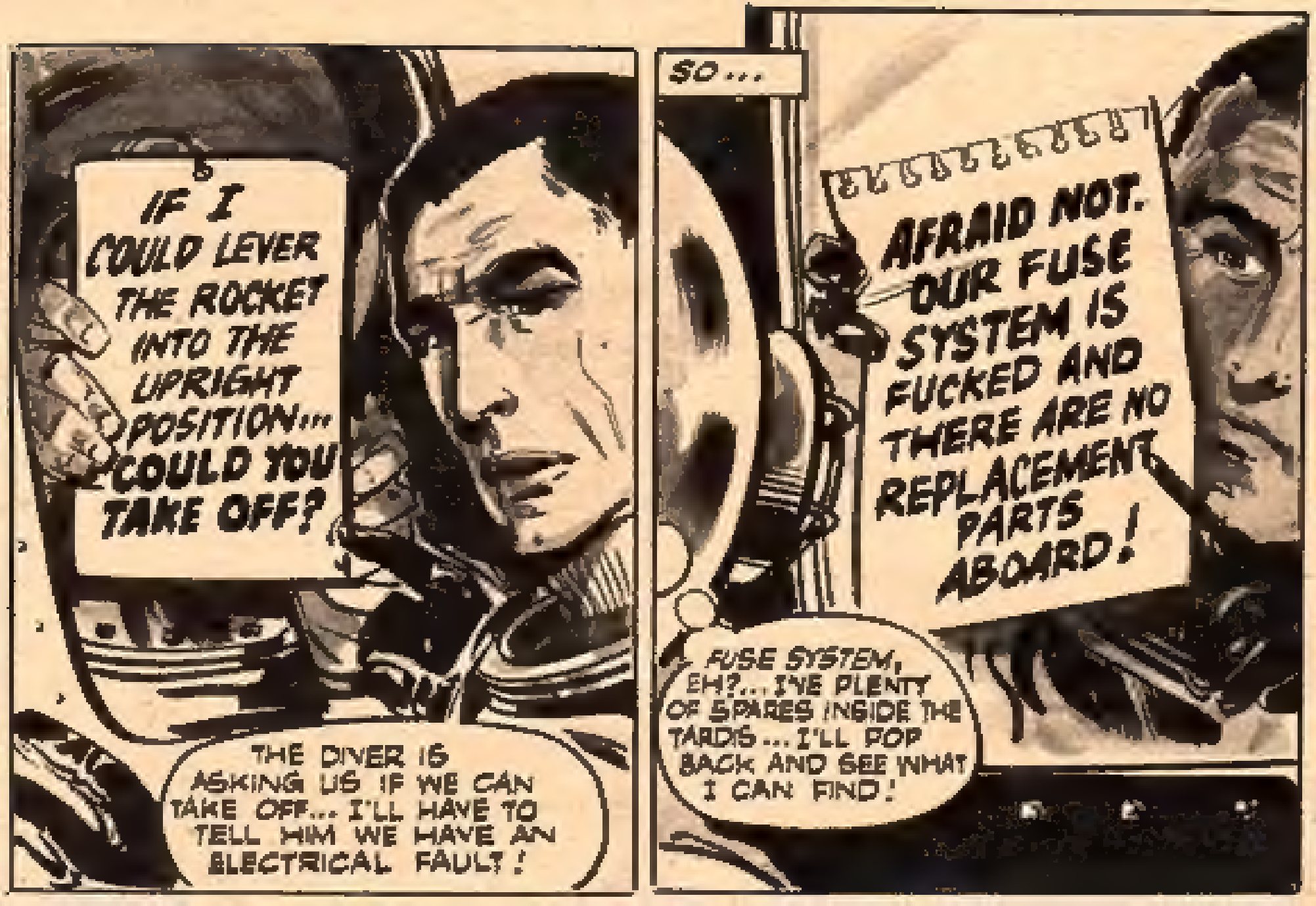
Summer's coming! Splash in the sea with Popeye, next week!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